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The Cruise of the Wave

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THE CRUISE

OF

“THE WAVE.”

O'er the glad waters of the dark *green* sea.

“Quo mihi fortunam, si non conceditur uti?”

HORAT., *Lib. I. Epis. V.*

By Frank Work

NEW YORK:

1866.



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MY DEAR MUSÆUS :—

I send the Cruise, but I have lost the Log—mis-laid, perhaps, among the papers multitudinous of my professional desk.

Brevis esse laboro longus fio. But curtail, if you choose, and add some more sparkle: “the brightest wit can find us”—or add the Log in an appendix.

Yours ever,

RICARDO.

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 13, 1866.

MY DEAR DON :—

I shall not curtail and cannot add, but take it as I have found it.

In faith I'll print it.

MUSÆUS.

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 14, 1866.



CRUISE OF THE WAVE.

A LITTLE while ago there lived in the ancient city of Manhattan two princes, whose names were DAVID and JOHN. John was "native and to the manner born," and David came from the green hills of Vermont. They still live, and may they live forever. Both the princes were young, handsome, and unmarried. By their integrity, genius, and industry, they had acquired considerable pecuniary means, and got the start of the majestic world. They built and equipped a small steam yacht, which was duly entered and enrolled in the squadron of the New York Yacht Club. During the summer months, it was their daily "habit of an afternoon" not "to sleep within his orchard," like Hamlet's father, but, after the business of the day was done, to stroll leisurely to the shore of the river with a few select friends, for these princes had troops of friends, embark in their yacht, dine on board, drink deep of pure oxygen, lightly

of effervescing liquid carbon, and return home in the evening. In this manner they not only took pleasure philosophically and rationally, but maintained their health and vigor for its continuance—"Vires acquirunt eundo."

One day, Prince John, weary with the fatigues of business, and thinking that a longer voyage than usual would not only be beneficial to himself but gratifying to some of his friends, proposed to them that they should join him in a cruise of a few days upon the briny deep, he knew not exactly whither. Prince David, he said, would remain at home and attend to the partnership business. For these Princes fraternized like Juno's swans. These friends were not industriously selected, but he took them as he met them, because his generosity

"Falleth, like the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath."

Unlike the wind, "blowing where it listeth."

These friends, although having their idiosyncrasies, and educated in various and differing pursuits in life, were harmonious and sympathetic in all their personal relations; and their multifarious cast of mind, by nature and education, like the ingredients of a good punch, made their company very captivating and exhilarating. The PRINCE himself had numerous virtues, for which

he had received that honorable and crowning appellation.

METAMORA was a son of the Forrest, and could by his war-whoop arouse the latent life, and by his wit and humor stir the poetry of human nature. He could tell a story, relate a good anecdote, and turn to fun any word or event that could furnish the most evanescent scintillation of *drollery*, and where the twinkle of his eye lighted, dullness fled.

POLYPHEMUS was a retired merchant, who had, like old Ulysses, seen the manners and cities of various peoples. He had ransacked both the land and the sea, and travelled from the Bowery to the Straits of Babel-mandeb, had snuffed the mummy-dust of Egyptian caves, fought a Bengal tiger, and turned a pirouette on the peak of a floating iceberg. He was uncommonly amiable, loved mirth, and was ardently attached to his friends. He was never in haste to put his right foot before the left, and he let his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth. His easy, indolent virtues found a welcome home on the easy, quiet *Wave*, where Time held court for his tales. He was fond of fried porgies, and a reputed descendant of the Austin Friars.

Of DON RICARDO we know less than of any other of the party, because he said little about himself, and he seldom heard others speak of the subject. If his

friends entertained any peculiar views, they never imparted them to him ; but if he had any errors, they came by nature, for which he was not morally responsible. He enjoyed the voyage intensely, and, if silence be an index, none enjoyed it more. He was a good listener, but his music, like that of the spheres, could not be heard. And if, like Falstaff, wit in him did not mount high, he was the cause of it in others. Too much sunshine would be intolerable. *Stat nominis umbra.*

THE GOVERNOR—three cheers for the Governor. The Governor was a jolly, portly man, trump and trumpeter. He was, as Shakspeare describes him, “of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage. If that man should be lewdly given, Harry, he deceiveth me, for I see virtue in his looks. Banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins, but as to the good, virtuous, honest Governor—banish him, banish all the world.” He was called Governor, because he had not been Governor of Rhode Island, and because he exercised despotic power by his potential, full, and good heart, general intelligence, and strong common sense. He had various accomplishments, from the judgment of a good drink to a game at cards. His violent encounters with Morpheus, however, caused such a din of victory, that a sleeping Rip Van Winkle might have been wakened

from his slumbers. He was welcomed as our foster-father.

The MAJOR had been in the army, and had won fame and victory in fights against the rebel enemies of his country. He was fond of fun and uncommonly lively. His Shakspearian forehead betokened talents of a high order. While he was keen and powerful in metaphysics and ratiocination, he also won laurels on festive occasions, and victories at the Olympic games recently introduced upon the yacht. He was a bond of union. If we believed in the transmigration of souls, we should say, that after death the Major would become a cricket.

MUSÆUS was one of the chiefs of the party—the Fidus Achates of the Prince, prime minister and cabinet counselor. Without him the company would have been incomplete. His personal characteristics are well known, and he could not have reached that elevated position and won the affections of the Prince without eminent virtues, although it was said that he was a mason.

OCCIDENTUS was from the Western States, and of urbane and refined manner. He seemed to be of a quiet, contemplative humor, without the show of any thing oracular. He said little, but it was sensible and to the point; but all things on the voyage seemed to

furnish beauty to his eye and music to his ear, and he enjoyed accordingly. From necessity, curt is the description of him.

PEREGRINUS we captured on the voyage, a prize to the yacht. He was the particular friend of the Major, but proved himself a most excellent fellow, and an intelligent and useful *compagnon de voyage*, having sounded all the depths and shoals of Long Island Sound and Narraganset Bay, and knowing where to find fresh water. He was a native of the neighborhood, where his ancestors had built great barns.

The Prince addressed these merry fellows as follows : "Boys," said he—he called them boys, because they were all young, though some were gray and some were bald—"boys, I want you to cruise with me for a few days on my yacht *The Wave*." No more words were necessary, as the boys greedily accepted the invitation, and joy sparkled in their eyes. "But," he continued, "I do not propose to go in great state, nor like another Columbus; nor must you expect that, like the ancient Jason, I am about to voyage in another Argo to gather the golden fleece; neither indulge the fancy that I am about to sail, like Cleopatra to meet her lover, in a 'golden barge beggaring' description, and with kissing breezes lovesick;' but, boys, in plain parlance, we are going to enjoy ourselves and have

a lively time, and may the Lord of the winds and the waves prosper us. Meet me at five o'clock this evening, August 24, A. D. 1866, on board the steamboat *City of New York*, bound to New London, where we shall meet the yacht—state-rooms are engaged.” So they all did as the Prince directed, and embarked for the haven where they would be. Be it known, that a gentleman by the name of Jewett was the captain of that boat, and he was the *beau-idéal* of a steamboat captain—of a rare, subdued, and refined manner, affable and courteous, without the slightest suspicion of rudeness or coarseness, and with none of that common, harum-scarum dash so often found among men of his vocation. We were delighted with him, and hailed him as an accomplished gentleman of the olden time. We had much of his society. He visited the yacht, and on the morning of our arrival at New London, entertained us with a breakfast on his own boat, and joined us on the trip to Stonington. It is proper to mention the steward of the same boat, Mr. Mapes, who was an adept professor in the art of making us comfortable—a ready and energetic *aide de bateau*. We found the yacht at dock, fully equipped and provisioned, with her water-tanks full, and steam ready. Palinurus bounced about from poop to bow, like a

decapitated cock, but appeared nevertheless fully alive to the responsibility of his commanding position.

The Prince shook his imperial curls and gave the nod; then there was a ring and a shriek, and the gallant vessel darted down the bay with youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow, bound for the Pequot Hotel, at the entrance of the harbor.

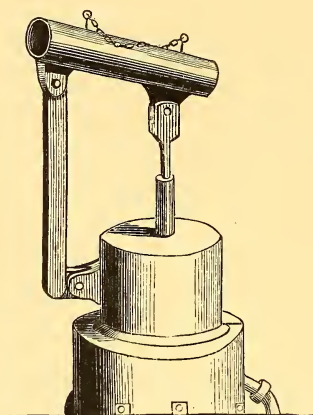
We came up to the wharf under a salute from the Yacht Squadron, hailing us with all the honors. Making fast, we disembarked, for the purpose of reconnoitering and taking observations. We found at the house the usual summer society, suffering from indolence, and struggling to be happy—expecting breakfast, and after breakfast expecting dinner, and after dinner sleep, to escape “the leafless desert of the mind, the waste of feelings unemployed.” Our visit was short; but we captured a Romeo-looking young gentleman, who doffed his parlor costume for a sea suit, and we took him with us to Stonington, whither we were bound. Here, also, we found Triptolemus, the Major’s brother. He had been decoyed by the sirens of the coast, and was glad to escape for a while. He hailed us as deliverers, and we took him aboard.

The day was cool and beautiful. Old Neptune and Æolus had signed a treaty, and their empire was peace. Our time was passed chiefly upon the deck, except at

intervals, when it was necessary to go below to quench the extraordinary sea-thirst, which tantalizes voyagers in those strange waters. The Major was always on the look-out for the unmistakable signs of the impending epidemic, and gave warning always by three knocks with the brass hasp of the cover of the companion-way. The Major was lynx-eyed, and caught the signs oftener than any of the others. After these Bacchanalian and most refreshing episodes in our poetic path, we again ascended to the deck—some to enjoy the scene of Nature, and others to read the literature which Musæus had wisely provided. His selection suited the occasion — we had the “Codfish Recorder,” “Neptune’s Trident,” and “The Jilted Mermaid, a Tale of the Sea,” &c., &c., &c.

Romeo was not wholly supernumerary, because he furnished us some fun. On the forward deck, and raised about two feet above it, was an iron cylinder, about eighteen inches long, with a diameter of three; this was inclined at an angle of forty degrees, and rested, apparently, on two upright pistons;—the cylinder served as a socket for a handspike, which formed a pump-handle. The Prince, Don Ricardo, Metamora, and Romeo were standing near it. Don remarked that the gun was very small. Metamora, with an ambiguous twinkle of his left eye, cried out, “Don’t touch the trigger!” when

Romeo recoiled with fear, inquiring, "Is that your gun? How do you fire it?" Metamora undertook an immediate explanation, and, delicately manipulating the little instrument, showed conclusively to Romeo that it was loaded at the breech, and fired by a patent spring lever movement. The explanation was so satisfactory, that we all simultaneously wheeled about, in order to retain our own fire. The gun was afterwards known only as "The *Dawlton* Gun."



Our vessel made quick time, and we soon reached Stonington, made fast to dock, disembarked, and journeyed toward the tavern with some jaw-breaking Indian name, found some acquaintances undergoing the usual hotel-struggle against the despotism of dullness; but pity waked our souls, and the Prince, with his princely

impulses, evoked the landlord, and soon our goblets foamed with wine. The arrival of our craft was an event which relieved the dull monotony of the town.

According to custom, we captured another not unwilling prisoner, in one John Tucker, *ci-devant* Assistant Secretary of War; he dined with us, but left us on our return to New London, which we reached the same afternoon. Here we lost the company of Romeo and Triptolemus.

The limits of our narrative, and the time of our narrator, we regret, do not permit the record of all the interesting sights, haps, wise sayings, humorous observations, and flashing jokes which enlivened our journey.

We had a spare hour to survey the ancient town of New London, with its fine mansions and elegant and costly churches—to visit the graveyards on the hills, and, by reading tombstones, to learn the rate of longevity. Evening came, and up rose the moon, silvering the rippling waters, whilst Endymion slept upon the hills. All around us was beautiful, balmy, blissful. We drank deep, not of wine nor waters, but of harmony and happiness. We retired early and slept well. The yacht had ample and comfortable accommodations, with every convenience and luxury.

We rose betimes the next morning—the day being lovely and refreshing. Jake, our competent and inde-

fatigable steward, providing a sumptuous breakfast, to which appetite gave additional zest. It was Sunday—

“Sweet day, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.”

Before we weighed anchor, Peregrinus appeared upon the wharf. He was introduced to the Prince by the Major, accepted the invitation to join the party, and he was received into the fraternity, who found him an engaging and useful companion.

We start for Newport, the weather being most favorable; passed Watch Hill, Stonington, Mystic, and other towns, the Governor pointing out the region whence come the celebrated fat Rhode Island turkeys; and with a smack of his lips, promising each of us, in due season, not only a fat hen, but a green goose—the promise will not be forgotten—we reached Newport late in the afternoon, came to anchor off the town, and were greeted by a salute from the Yacht Squadron. Several United States vessels of war were there also at anchor; lowered boat, and we all reached the dock; walked to the Ocean House tavern and ordered dinner. Previous to which, however, we took coaches and drove about the town, visiting and examining some extensive and costly cottages and villas, more emblematic of ostentatious wealth than expressive of ease and comfort. Some of us had not seen

the town in the last twenty-five years, and to them it was a curiosity.

Here is room for a little moral philosophy, and a commentary on the art of life, but we must defer it to a more convenient season.

On our return from the drive, the coachmen were paid and dismissed. They never charge much here for any thing. Dinner was announced, and we, of the exact number of the Muses, sat at dinner in a private room. The dinner was good, and we were well served, though informed that the hotel could not furnish a fish-knife.

Here is the Bill of Fare :—

First. Turtle Soup.

Second. Spanish Mackerel.

Third. Filet with Mushrooms; Chicken Croquettes.

Fourth. Broiled Chicken, and Fricandeau de Veau aux petits pois.

Fifth. Green Goose.

Sixth. Chicken Mayonnaise and Lobsters.

Seventh. Plum Pudding, and divers other niceties.

Sherry, claret, and champagne served us for drink. The festivities were continued until about ten o'clock. Metamora having disappeared, search was made, and he was found among the ladies. We then hastened to the shore, gave signal, took boat, and reached the yacht, lying at anchor. Went aboard, and went to sleep. Up betimes, and had a good breakfast. Then, to our great sorrow, the Governor forsook us for a season, but prom-

ising to return and join us before leaving Narraganset Bay. We determined to proceed up the bay to Bristol, but Palinurus, our captain, tells us that there is not water enough to supply the engine; that water is scarce at Newport, and the price exorbitant. What is to be done?

Water, water everywhere,
And every hand did toil;
Water, water everywhere,
But water none to boil.

But some was purchased, and some was begged; and finally acquiring a *quantum suff.* to carry us to Bristol, we at last got under way. The sea was in repose, and the weather charming. We were all joyful. We reached Bristol, and, according to former practice, explored the town. It was ancient and finished. The elm-trees were large and old, and so were the door-knockers. A solemn stillness prevailed, broken occasionally by the splash of a wave or the whistle of a school-boy. But there was no water, so we bought a boiled lobster and departed. Retracing our course for a few miles, and doubling a promontory, we turned our course toward the eastern arm of the bay, and shortly arrived at Fall River, a thriving, enterprising town, with abundant evidences of mechanical activity and of prosperity. We inspected the Cyclopien Iron Works, where Vulcan forges his thunderbolts, and the immense factories where Venus paints her

calico drapery. It was very interesting. Thus, having improved our minds, and filled our tanks, for we fortunately found water here, we whistled, and started for a new creation, known as Rocky Point—a *terra incognita* to most people. About two years ago, an enterprising gentleman of wealth, appreciating the natural beauties of this spot, erected here his residence and a palatial hotel, spending large sums of money in beautifying and developing the capabilities of the place. We found here not only the permanent society of the hotel, but crowds of both sexes, who had come on excursions from the neighboring towns and cities.

Large and separate dining-halls, billiard-rooms, ten-pin alleys, shooting-galleries, swings, and flying-horses; a high tower, and arbors and paths through devious groves of beauty. It surpassed in interest all other places; and surely there is nothing comparable with it in any city of the United States.

While enjoying the music of a fine band, and waiting for the return of the Governor, having informed him by telegraph of our whereabouts, the Prince invited some ladies on board. The scene was charming; smiles and champagne sparkled around. Having put out from shore to meet the Governor, the Prince discovered him on the steamboat from Providence. He was welcomed with shouts and the waving of

handkerchiefs. Having again proceeded to the dock, and received him with all deserving honors, we departed from the merry place with the farewell congratulations of ladies' hearts and eyes. The Major looked like an empty champagne bottle. Metamora gave his familiar Indian whoop, and Polyphemus grinned all over like a baked pig.

We returned to Newport, and came to anchor. Went ashore for a while, but soon returned. Metamora, temporary cockswain of the yawl, mistook our yacht, with its lighted bulls' eyes, for a man-of-war, and, while searching in the dark, was putting out to sea. Question: Do yachts always appear so in the dark?

After a literary and scientific entertainment, prolonged to a reasonable hour, we went to bed. Up as usual betimes in the morning. It was now Tuesday, with wind from the southeast, and inauspicious clouds in the same direction, without sunshine. The Governor wanted us to go to Providence, promising a clam-bake and various other entertainments, but the Prince looked dubious. He muttered something about Point Judith, and rolling seas, and the oft-recurring three days' storms. A council was held. Three knocks with the brass hasp of the Major mustered all hands into the cabin, and, after full discussion of the momentous question, and copious libations in honor of the ancient

gods who governed the weather, it was resolved that Point Judith be passed with all convenient speed.

A shriek, and we were off. Our return was more quiet even than before. Judith was very calm and pleasant, and we saluted her in bumpers; and we gave gracious salutations to all the other interesting objects which we passed, until dinner-time. It was our last dinner, and steward Jake and Africanus the cook made extraordinary efforts for the great occasion. The dinners all had been of surpassing excellence, with good wines in bounteous profusion, but this was to be superior to the past.

Africanus had prepared a banquet fit for the gods. Ambrosial meats and nectared wines in Bacchanalian draughts, might have excited the envy of Jove himself. Upon the removal of the dishes, Metamora rose, and, in his usual happy manner, addressed the company with brilliant rhetoric. This had been the happiest period of his life—excepting, of course, his wedding-day. It seemed as if all the old heathen gods had resumed their scepters to aid and grace the occasion. Bright Sol shone out with redoubled splendor, gilding the green-clad hills. Grim-visaged Neptune had smoothed his wrinkled front and lulled the waves; rude Boreas had ceased to blow, and even cloud-compelling Jove had scattered the clouds which might have obscured the fair face of smiling

heaven. And on this noble vessel, laden with gallantry,
and not much beauty, joys were spread like roses.
With one consent, we render tribute to Prince John, and,
fancying that Bacchus is presiding, we say—

Hail, bouncing boy,
No cups can cloy,
Thy time recks not a morrow;
So day by day
We'll homage pay,
And drown with drink all sorrow.

Thy laughing eye
Can tears defy,
And scatter fear and folly:
Life's but a span,
And quickly ran,
Then let us all be jolly.

We'll laugh and sing,
The hours we'll fling,
Though ocean roar around us;
We'll pleasure sup,
And drain the cup,
Wherever fate hath bound us.

Then here's a health to our Prince John—
Fill up the glasses; fill yours, Don,
And damn what others deem us.
Come, Major, wake up Governor!
Drink all! drink, Polyphemus!

And we drank; whereupon there was a grand chorus
of shouts, clinking cannikins, and singing mermaids, and

certain gulls flew madly from the rocks to learn the matter of the clatter. The Prince, with the star of good-nature glittering on his brow, fairer than the fairest star in heaven, acknowledged gracefully the compliment in a neat and brief speech.

“Once more,” cried Polyphemus :

“For we’re the boys who fear no noise,
Nor the rolling ocean’s roar,
And whilst we think we still can drink,
And drinking, call for more.”

“Go on, Polyphemus,” cried the Major. “Boys, this is not the time for rigmarole speeches, but—

“I’ll sing you a song,
Which is not very long,
Or I’ll tell you a longer story—”

“None of your stories, Polly,” cried Metamora.

“Let me say something,” said Pol.

“I’ve rambled over land and sea,
Have trodden mead and mountain;
Have whispered with the bond and free,
Have knelt at fane and fountain.

“In calm and tempest, cold and heat,
The flying hours I’ve squandered;
By night and day, with lingering feet,
In various climes I’ve wandered.

"I've nibbled every new-born bliss,
 Have reveled without measure,
 Have stolen maid and matron's kiss,
 And tasted every pleasure.

"Yet, whilst old Time, with hasty wings,
 Would bury recollection,
 The pleasure of the past still clings
 With life and warm affection.

"So with those joys that now I feel,
 The friends I see beside me,
 Stamped on my heart with memory's seal,
 No time shall e'er efface or steal,
 Whatever fate betide me."

The Governor had been silent for a while, but his tongue broke loose, and, after expressing, with much feeling, the happiness he had felt, he declared that something should be said for Old Neptune, who had treated us so well. He proposed his health, with—

"Rest, old ruffian, in thy slumbers,
 Snoring in thy deep-down caves:
 Here's to thee in billowy bumpers,
 Fearful monarch of the waves.

"Stir not till we draw near home.
 Roaming on the moonlit deep,
 Though we love thy lively foam,
 More beautiful thou art in sleep.

"Treat us well when wide awake—
 There is nothing wrong between us.
 When another cruise we make,
 Let us see imperial Venus."

“Hurrah for the Governor! Three cheers for Old Neptune!”

The Major then rose and said, that the Governor’s allusion to the beautiful goddess had suggested to him the duty of a toast to her. He could not give much of a song, but he would try.

“I met her on the beach, as from the sea she rose.
Garlanded with sea-weed, without her bathing-clothes.
She smiled and winked—”

“Hold!” cried Occidentus: “No more of that; it is disrespectful to Venus.”

“I’ll try and do a little better,” responded the Major.
“But the drink first.”

“Goddess of immortal birth,
Begotten of the sea and earth,
Queen of Beauty,
Queen of Love,
From out the sea arise again,
To human eyes,
Not to the skies.

“At ev’ry hour,
Thy power,
Upon thy throne
The nations own;
In homage bend,
Thy feasts attend,
And pass the goblet round,
With nectar crowned.

"Rise with the dawn,
 And trip the lawn,
 Like dancing fawn,
 With winning wiles,
 Seductive smiles,
 As thou wert born,
 With thy nymphs and graces.
 With their blushing faces,
 Not with scorn.

"For night and day,
 Where'er we stray,
 We own thy sway.
 From the smart
 Of Cupid's dart
 Save us, we pray.

"Great Goddess! take us to thy keeping,
 Whether we're awake or sleeping.
 Whether dreaming, laughing, weeping,
 Thine forever!"

"Here's to Venus!" cried all.

"We'll drink that standing," said the Prince. So all rose and drank.

"One toast more," ejaculated Occidentus, "and the last shall be first—Our absent friend Prince David," which was received with hearty cheers, and drunk in bumpers.

Don Ricardo would have liked to have said something. He had appeared dull all day. The reason was soon discovered—the malt liquor had given out—

"For he could eat but little meat,
His stomach was not good."

We reached New London early in the evening, saluted Captain Jewett, engaged our state-rooms, and disembarked from the yacht with our baggage-train, which was transferred to the steamboat *City of New York*.

Here Metamora gave a leap, a hop, and a whoop, and left us to visit some friendly Indian tribes on the White Mountains. We reached home on Wednesday morning, August 29th, A. D. 1866, healthy, hearty, and happy.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Postscript.—Metamora shortly afterward arrived from the White Mountains, flushed with victory and effervescing with exuberant health. He called the party together, and entertained them with a banquet, enlivened with all that wit and heart could furnish, at the elegant wigwam of the Manhattans. The festivity was graced by the corporeal presence of him of the frosty Caucasus and that son of Mars, the hero of Rocky Point, who added greatly to the merriment, ever to be remembered.



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